

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

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### Review of New Books.

*Introduction to an Analytical Dictionary of the English Language.* By David Booth. 8vo. pp. 158. London, 1806.

*An Analytical Dictionary of the English Language, in which the Words are explained in the order of their natural Affinity, independent of Alphabetical Arrangement; and the Signification of each is traced from its Etymology, &c. The whole exhibiting, in one continued Narrative, the Origin, History, and Modern Usage of the existing Vocabulary of the English Tongue.* By David Booth. 4to. Part I. London, 1822.

It is now, we believe, about eighteen years since Mr. Booth published a 'Prospectus of an Analytical Dictionary of the English Language,' in which he proposed to arrange the vocables into classes; beginning with the explanation of the root, and proceeding to its compounds. Circumstances, with which we are not acquainted, retarded the publication of this dictionary, when, in 1806, Mr. Booth printed his Introduction, a work which gave such decisive evidence of the author's knowledge of the theory of the English language, as ought to have enabled him to devote himself entirely to the subject.

In this Introduction, Mr. Booth enters into a brief disquisition on the nature and probable origin of grammar, the difference of languages, and the causes of the complexity of their structure:—

'Language, being used for the communication of thought, must necessarily be the same among the different members of the same society; and it will be cultivated in proportion as the society is extended in numbers or in its relations with others. We find nations separated from each other by seas and rivers, by customs and by laws; and we find the same diversity in their tongues as in their situation or their manners. With the origin of this division of nations and of languages, we are but imperfectly acquainted. Both have been subjects of much disquisition, but much yet remains to be explained. It is sufficient for our present

purpose, to mark those facts which are indubitable: that, of some countries, the modes of speech are so similar as to bear evidence of their inhabitants having, originally, been the same; whereas, of others, the utmost ingenuity would, in vain, attempt to find a single trait of resemblance.

'From the revolution of nations, either in manners or in situation, have arisen the changes and corruptions of their languages. Originally simple and uniform in their structure, the influx of foreign customs and dialects are incorporated with the early tongues, and generate a complication of phraseology, which the half-instructed rustic can with difficulty comprehend. Such, at present, are most of the languages of Europe, and we partially enter into the region of conjecture, when we endeavour to ascertain what they have been. We may, however, form some opinion from general analogy; and, should what we gather from thence prove useful in our etymological researches, the stability of its foundation may be the less regarded.

'Ideas are the reflected images of nature. Words are the pictures of ideas. Simplicity of thought will produce simplicity of expression; and hence the individual impulses of the mind will be marked by monosyllabic words. Two or more simple impressions form what is termed a complex idea, which is expressed by as many primitive words. If this complex idea be of general recurrence, the syllables by which it is denoted will, by habit of pronunciation, be joined together, so as to form a compound word with different articulations. All this is hypothesis, but we find it confirmed by an analysis of the languages with which we are acquainted.'

Mr. Booth then proceeds to treat the several component parts of language critically and analytically, with great ability. The Introduction, though favourably received, did not excite that interest in the subject or the author, which, from its importance, it ought to have done; but Mr. Booth was not to be discouraged, and, after devoting more than twenty years to this his favourite subject, he has presented the public with the first fruits of his genius and industry, and, if we mistake not, laid the foundation of a work, which will not merely do honour to himself, but to the age in which he lives.

It has long been complained how very deficient our dictionaries are in point of etymology and analysis. Johnson's work, a stupendous achievement for a single individual, originally deficient in this respect, has undergone no improvement by the succession of editors who have undertaken new editions. Even Mr. Todd, who has swelled the number of words considerably, has added very little to the knowledge of the English language.

Mr. Booth's work, however, not only surpasses all that have preceded it, but it is formed on a new principle, and one which his predecessors do not appear to have contemplated:—

'A marked feature,' he says, 'in the plan of this dictionary, and that which will distinguish it from every other that has hitherto appeared, is its perfect freedom from the fetters of alphabetical arrangement. In consequence of this emancipation, the author is persuaded that he has been enabled materially to improve his definitions, both as to correctness and to perspicuity, while the ease of consultation will be sufficiently provided for by an index. By the ordinary arrangement, words that have the most intimate connexion in their nature, or in their etymology, are often separated by hundreds of pages. No subject, however interesting, can be dwelt upon for a moment:—the thread of thought is continually cut asunder by the inexorable battalions of rank and file; and the whole frame of language, which might exhibit no imperfect history of the human mind, is so torn and disjointed that we view it with pain. All is chaos without a ray of creative light:—the lamps of genius are broken into atoms. Who ever read ten successive pages of a dictionary without the feeling of lassitude or the approach of sleep? It is not thus that language should be taught; and the writer will certainly feel mortified at his want of success, if the reader of the Analytical Dictionary shall not be interested in the perusal, as well as benefited by the consultation.'

It is Mr. Booth's plan to analyze the word to be explained into its constituent principles, for which purpose he has arranged the words into classes, placing under one head all that are derived from the same root; thus, when the word *man* is sufficiently explained,



its various compounds follow, such as manful, manly, manhood, unmanly, &c. When the fundamental part or root is not found in its simple state in the English language, as in the case of *homicide, humanity, &c.* from the Latin *homo*, search is made in other tongues, where it is usually discovered; and where this search has been made in vain, the idea expressed by the fundamental syllable is gathered from a comparison of its compounds.

Having now briefly stated the plan of Mr. Booth's work, we shall make a few extracts. He commences with the word *MAN*, which, with a slightly varied orthography, is common to all the Gothic dialects. He traces it through all its derivatives and associations, as male, female, wife, woman, &c. &c.; and although those with the 'human face divine' may feel somewhat shocked at the association, yet Mr. Booth extends it to monkey, which he considers to be a diminutive of man. He says,—

'There are three marked divisions of this tribe of animals, with names that are probably from a similar origin. The Saxon *apa* was equivalent to our *APE*, and seems to be merely a varied pronunciation of the Gothic *aba*, a man. *BABOON* is the augmentative of *babe*, as if we were to say, *a large child*. These different species are commonly distinguished by their size, baboons being, generally, the largest, and monkies the smallest. They are more accurately known from the apes having no tails,—the baboons having short ones, and the monkies long. Their moral qualities, too, are understood to differ; and we have some derivatives formed upon this hypothesis: *to ape*, is to imitate; an ape is, metaphorically, a clumsy imitator, and *apishness* is mimicry. *Apish* and *apishly* are the adjective and adverb. An impertinent coxcomb is, reproachfully, termed a *jackanapes*, which, however, would not well apply to a man of large size.—*Monkey* is used, occasionally, without reference to the animal. In that case, like all other diminutives, it expresses either contempt or endearment, as the speaker feels. It is supposed to be more tricky and wanton than the ape. A foolish fellow, whose manners are similar to those of an *overgrown child*, is sometimes termed a baboon. Writers have occasionally confounded the distinction here given, as well as the names of the animals themselves; but were we to follow the mistakes of every author as laws of language, our definitions, by denoting every thing, would cease to have a meaning.'

Mr. Booth does not stop here, but, speaking of the uninterrupted and figurative structure of our language, he observes,—

'But the language of figure or metaphor is not confined to the comparison of per-

manent objects; it is applied to actions, which are fleeting, and even to thoughts, which are never cognizable by the senses:—"The billows rear their snowy crests, and the rays of reason illuminate the mind." All is illusion. The lettered page is a mimic scene. It is not merely a painting for the eye.—We feel the smooth or rugged forms again in our grasp; and we hear anew the whisperings of the zephyrs, or the howlings of the storm.

'It was the principle here stated that led the nations of the north to apply the word man to the shining empress of the night. It now is, but was not originally, varied in its orthography. The word is substantially the same in the Gothic, Icelandic, Saxon, Danish, and German, and, indeed, in all the Teutonic tongues. We trace it even in the tales that amused our childhood, and now, when we have left the nursery, the *Man in the Moon* appears again in the page. In those Gothic languages which still retain the distinction of gender, the moon is masculine! and, in the mythology of Scandinavia, he was the husband of *Tuisca*, or the Sun, which, in those languages, is feminine. Moon, therefore, is man, but it is the *Man of the Heavens*. The compounds *moonbeam, moonlight, and moonshine*, are obvious. *Moon eyed* is *unable to bear a strong light*. Milton uses *moonied* for horned, the appearance of the new moon.'

But, as it will be impossible to follow any word, as Mr. Booth does, into all its ramifications, we shall merely detach a few of his analytical explanations:—

*Husband*.—Our word *HUSBAND* alludes to the power or government of the married man. He is the *eus-band*,—the *band* or *bond* of the house. *To husband* is to manage with care,—so as nothing shall be lost. It is also to provide with a husband. *Husbandry* is the practice of agriculture. *Husbandman* is a name for a cultivator of land. *Husbandless* is not having a husband. *Huswife*, or rather *housewife*, is the female manager of a house, but not necessarily a wife. *To huswife* is to regulate family affairs, but is obsolete: *huswifery*, or *housewifery*, is the science or art. *Hussy* is the diminutive of huswife, and used contemptuously for an impertinent young woman.'

*Wedding*.—The Saxon *WED* or *WAD*, the origin of our word to *wed* or marry, signified a *pledge*, in the same manner as the Latin *sponsio*. It was the sign and penalty of any covenant or agreement. The word was taken also, metaphorically, for the covenant itself; and it is easy to conceive how it should come to signify, more peculiarly, that covenant which, of all others, is most interesting to society.—*Wedlock* is the state of being engaged in the marriage-tie or band, as specified by the word *lock*. A *wedding* is a marriage, and particularly alludes to the nuptial ceremony. The compounds *wedding-garments, wedding-feast, &c.* require no defi-

nition. The *wedding-ring* is the usual pledge of marriage. *To wed* is also used metaphorically. We say that a bad man is *wedded* to his vices. *Unwed* or *unwedded* is unmarried. It is obsolete because it is useless.—We have before observed that, of those words which originate from roots known in the language, we may make any compounds which we choose; but if we would write well, we should form no new word, the meaning of which can be sufficiently expressed by a word already formed. We, therefore, say a *married*, not a *wedded* man; *matrimony* and not *weddinghead, &c.* It is solely to warn our readers against such unnecessary formations that we insert the adjectives, adverbs, and other known derivatives of a parent word; for their explanations are, in most cases, sufficiently obvious.'

*BRIDE* and *BRIDEGROOM* are from the Saxon *brid* and *bridguma*. They were a betrothed pair,—the *sponsa* and *sponsus* of the Romans. *Guma*, in Saxon, was man; and *brid-guma* was the man or husband of the bride. We mentioned formerly, that man, in a secondary sense, sometimes meant a servant. *Groom* may be derived from *guma*; for there are many similar instances of the *r*'s being sometimes pronounced and at other times quiescent. In the present pronunciation of the metropolis, it is seldom heard. Our older writers have *groom* for a man-servant in general, such as *groom* of the bedchamber, *groom* of the kitchen, &c. The word is now applied solely to the stable,—to one who takes care of the horses. *Bridal* is the nuptial festival. The *bridesmaids* and *bridesmen* are the attendants on the bride and bridegroom. The bridesmen in Scotland are termed *lackeys*. *Bridebed* and *bridecake* are obvious. The *bridestake* is supposed to have been similar to the maypole, a pole round which was held the rustic dance.

'The denominations *bride* and *bridegroom* exist from the period of betrothment (which, in this country, is the publication of the *bans*), until the conclusion of the marriage-ceremonies and feasts. Then they become wife and husband. Among the Romans, the *espoused* remained a bride (*sponsa*) till she entered the husband's house, from which time she commenced a wife (*uxor*). From this word we have *uxoriousness*, which signifies an overfondness for one's wife. *Uxorious* and *uxoriously* are the adjective and adverb. We have no kindred verb, for fondness cannot rise from compulsion. A husband may be cajoled by his wife into a ridiculous *uxoriousness*:—when he is frightened into an unreasonable submission he is said to be *henpecked*; a word which is from a well-known origin.'

*Sire*.—Our old word *SIRE* signifies, literally, father: for *grandsire* is grandfather, and *surname* is the family appellation, or father's name. *Surname* is frequently spelt *surname*. This is founded on the supposition that it is from the French *sur-nom*, and signifies a *sur* or

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over-name,—one added to the *Christian name* which is received at baptism. The words should be distinguished: a man may acquire a *sur-name*, but he cannot acquire a *sir-name*. *Sirname* is equivalent to *patronymic*, a word of Greek origin, which denotes the name that a man derives from his ancestors. Like our *sir-name* (*sire's-name*), it is formed of two words, signifying a father's name. The Greek *onoma*, a name, appears in other English compounds: we have *anonymous* and *anonymously*, without a name; and *synonymous*, applied to words which are joint names of the same thing. Words that are *synonymous*, or that have the same meaning, are *synonymes*. On the contrary, when the word is the name of two or more things, logicians have termed it *homonymous*, and have used *homonymy*, for ambiguity of words. The same gentlemen have given the name of *metonymy* to a rhetorical figure of speech, by which one word is placed for another; as, in putting the cause for the effect,—the time or place for the action, &c. Thus, in speaking of Parliament, we say "*the House met*," when we mean the members assembled. *Metonymical* and *metonymically* are in the dictionaries.

It is, doubtless, in consonance with its meaning of father that *sire* is used in addressing the king, who is considered as the father of his people; and it is, probably, from the institutions of our ancestors that *sire* and other kindred words have, like the Roman patrician, become titles of honour. The Latin *senior*, older, was used in after times to denote a feudal lord. It originated from the French *seigneur*, a lord. From this we have *seignior* with the same signification, which can be used *literally* only when applied to foreigners. It is the same with its derivatives, which we have also adopted: *seignior* is a lordship, or the jurisdiction of a lord, and *seigniorage* is the rights that belong to the lord of the manor. Rights of *seigniorage*, as claimed on the Continent, are now either unknown in this country or pass under other names. Its only application in English is in the *seigniorage* (or dues) which are required by the crown, at the mint, on the coinage of money. The Emperor of the Turks is usually styled by us the *Grand Seignior*. *Signore* and *Signora*, in Italy, have degenerated into the ordinary terms of compliment, and do not differ from our address of Master or Mistress. The French *Sieur*, a contraction of *Seigneur*, had a similar degradation long before the Revolution. Our *Sir* is yet a title of honour, preceding the name of a knight or a baronet; but, in every other case, it is an address of mere politeness, though it was once applicable to lords and kings. It begins letters or introduces conversation, in place of using the Christian name of him to whom we write or speak, which is the practice among Quakers. The corresponding term to a female is *Madam*. Formerly, *sir* and *madam* were refused to inferiors, but this distinction is

now seldom attended to, except, perhaps, in the case of domestic servants. *Sirrah* is merely a contemptuous pronunciation of *sir*, which our ancestors chose to denote by an additional syllable. The French *Messieurs*, the plural of *Monsieur*, is adopted by us, in written compellations, for Masters. It is contracted into *Messrs.* as *Master* is into *Mr.* which it always is, in addresses, except when applied to a boy. Having mentioned the Latin *senior*, we may observe that, with us *senior* is simply applied to age. It is *older*, the comparative of *old*, applied substantively. To be a man's *senior* is to be older than he. *Seniority* is the state of being older, as if we could say *olderness*. The adjective *senile* has been sometimes used to denote any thing belonging to old age; as has also *senescence*, for the state of growing old; but neither of these words is in common use.

(To be concluded in our next.)

*Ædes Althorpianæ; or, an Account of the Mansion, Books, and Pictures, at Althorp, the Residence of George John Earl Spencer, K. G. To which is added a Supplement to the Bibliotheca Spenceriana.* By the Rev. T. F. Dibdin, F. R. S. S. A. 3 vols. imperial 8vo. London, 1822.

WHETHER this work was written for the purpose of flattering the vanity of a noble house or for mere profit we care not; but, if we may judge from the exorbitant price Mr. Dibdin fixes to all his works, we should be inclined to believe that emolument forms a material consideration with him. That Mr. Dibdin is a lively writer we admit, but his liveliness too often descends to flippancy; that he is well versed in bibliography, no one, who has read his works on the subject, will deny, but he carries his passion for black letter to a most ridiculous excess; indeed, he is the most expensive trifler, and, at the same time, the most agreeable proser that this fruitful age has produced. He has, however, done some good; he has occasionally explored some dark recesses in literature, and he has brought the typographic art to a degree of perfection that it would, perhaps, never have obtained under a less enthusiastic author;—not that we mean he has cast the types or inked them, though he would do both if necessary, but that he has introduced a style of typographic (and we may add graphic) elegance in his works which surpasses all other publications.

The '*Ædes Althorpianæ*' may be divided into three parts; the first contains a biographical history of the Spencers; the second, a history of Althorp, the mansion of the Spencers; and

thirdly, some bibliographical notices of the Spencer library.

Mr. Dibdin does not carry his genealogical history of the Spencers further back than the beginning of the sixteenth century, when King Henry VIII. granted the estate of Althorp to John Spencer, Esq. We shall not, however, follow Mr. Dibdin through his account of this family, from generation to generation, but shall quote an elegant compliment to the third Lord Spencer:—

'I return to the personal history of the proprietors of Althorp; and, at the mention of the third Lord Spencer, first Earl of Sunderland, can hardly help exclaiming, in the language of his great contemporary, Milton:—

"O, fairest flower! no sooner blown but blasted. \* \* \*

Summer's chief honour!"

The widely-extended reputation of the Spencers, added to the shining personal virtues of Henry, eldest son of the pair whom we have just consigned to their splendid tomb, was deemed amply sufficient by Charles to call up the family to the rank of an earldom. Henry was the first of that family to receive the title of the Earl of Sunderland. His career was short but glorious. Every thing that belongs to him seems to bear the stamp of splendid romance. His early and illustrious marriage with Dorothy Sidney, daughter of the second Earl of Leicester, which was celebrated amidst the classic groves of Penshurst, when the bride and bridegroom had each scarcely attained their nineteenth year: the beauty and celebrity of the bride,—the warmth and constancy of their attachment,—the close attendance of Lord Spencer in Parliament, on his coming of age,—the part which he chose in the unhappy times wherein his lot was cast,—his first bias towards the popular side, and his subsequent and unalterable attachment to his sovereign, to whose cause his heart, hands, and property were devoted, without limit or restraint,—his zeal, his courage, his generosity as a soldier,—and, above all, his death (which, says Burke, 'canonises and sanctifies a character,') at the fatal battle of Newbury, when the deceased was only twenty-three years of age;—these and very much more, of which there is no room for insertion, have thrown a halo of glory round the head of the first Earl of Sunderland.'

Leaving the first division of Mr. Dibdin's work with a very scanty notice, for it really is not entitled to a great deal of attention, we proceed to his history of Althorp, which is more interesting,—we had almost said because it is less original;—but, whatever may be the cause, it is the fact, and Mr. Dibdin candidly acknowledges his obligations to another pen for much of his information on this subject:—



'The house and park at Althorp are situated in the parish of Great Brington, in New Bottle Grove Hundred, in the county of Northampton, at the distance of about six miles from Northampton. This domain has been possessed by the Spencer family upwards of three centuries; but the exact period of the erection of the house seems to be unknown. There is, however, no question of its having received its principal improvements during the time of the first Earl of Sunderland (1636-1643), who was son of the second Baron Spencer. The lady of this Earl (daughter of Robert Sidney, second Earl of Leicester, and better known as the Sacharissa of Waller, the poet) erected and covered in the great staircase, which had been formerly an interior court-yard, in the fashion of the times.'

Mr. Dibdin gives a good description of the park, and an amusing account of an entertainment given by Sir Robert Spencer, in 1603, to Anne, the Queen of James the First, and her son Prince Henry, with several other interesting anecdotes connected with the mansion of Althorp. The following extract relates to the apprehension of the unfortunate Charles the First:—

'When the Grand Duke Cosmo III. travelled in England in 1669, he was received and entertained at Althorp in a most princely style; and his travelling companion, Count Lorenzo Magollotti, failed not to publish an imposing account of that circumstance, together with a description of his host's family and mansion, which are on record. The famous John Evelyn was a friend and intimate visitor of the reigning family about this time.

'It was during the infancy of the second Earl of Sunderland—namely, in June, 1647, that Althorp was doomed to be the spot in which the unfortunate Charles I. received the first intelligence of the approach of those pursuers, from whose hands he never escaped until his life had been laid down upon the scaffold. Thus the place, which had been graced with the festivities given in honour of the visit of the Queen mother was doomed to be the scene from which the royal son was hurried to a premature grave. Charles arrived at Holdenby, the then residence of his son, the Duke of York, and which had been purchased for himself by his mother, Queen Anne, when he was Duke of York, in the latter end of May, 1647, in company with the Parliamentary commissioners. This occurred upon his return from the north, after he had been regally entertained at Nottingham and Leicester. "Being arrived at Holdenby," says Herbert, "very many country gentlemen, gentlewomen, and others of ordinary rank, stood ready there to welcome the king with joyful countenances and prayers."

'The boundaries of the Holdenby and Althorp estates were only divided by the high road, and the mansions, as they now exist, are about two miles

apart. "The King," continues Herbert, "every Sunday sequestered himself to his private devotions, and all other days in the week spent two or three hours in reading, and other pious exercises; at other times, for recreation, would, after meals, play a game at chess, and for health's sake, walk out in the garden at Holmby, with one or other of the commissioners. And, in regard there was no *bowling green* then well kept at Holmby, the king would sometimes ride to Harrowden, a house of the Lord Vaux's, about nine miles off, where there was a good bowling green, with gardens, groves, and walks, that afforded much pleasure. And other whiles to Althorp, a fair house, about two or three miles from Holmby, belonging to the Lord Spencer, now Earl of Sunderland, where also there was a green well kept.".... "His Majesty being one afternoon at bowles in the green at Althorp, it was whispered amongst the commissioners who were then at bowles with the king, that a party of horse, obscurely headed, was marching towards Holmby; and for no good it was presumed, in regard neither the commissioners nor Colonel Graves, who kept the guard at Holmby, and was an officer in the army, nor the commissioners' servants, had the least notice of it from any officer, or other correspondent in the army. Whereupon the king, so soon as he was acquainted with it, immediately left the green and returned to Holmby." This marauding party was headed by "Joyce, a cornet in Colonel Whaley's regiment, and his business was to speak to the king." "From whom?" said they. "From myself," said he, at which they laughed. "It's no laughing matter," said Joyce. The sequel but too strikingly proved that it was *any thing* but a "laughing matter." The conduct of Joyce was brutal and insolent to his royal master. From Holmby, Charles was conducted to Hampton Court and Carisbrook Castle, and from Carisbrook Castle back again to Whitehall.

But the best part of the work, or at least the most elegant, is the description of the Hall, from which we select a few passages:—

'On each side of the door, opposite the entrance-door, is a large picture of a horse and groom, having no further merit to recommend them than that they cover so many square yards of wall or wainscoat. Over the door, leading to the staircase, and opposite the door of entrance, is a small picture, of about six feet by four, of dogs breaking loose from their kennel. It has really great merit. The dogs are running and tumbling over one another in a perfectly natural manner, advancing towards the huntsman, who is by the side of a grey horse. Above is a bright clear sky, indicative of a fine day's sport. Beneath the larger pictures, first described, there is to the left a horse as large as life, with an inscription of—"Sore Heels:" two boys are by the side of a basket of

hay. Again, to the left, in a corner, is a group of dogs, with a black servant stooping: a French-horn is suspended to the bough of a tree, and a magpie is perched upon a pillar. Below the large hunting-piece, to the right, is a horse, of the size of life, called Brisk, drinking out of a trough; while a groom is drawing fresh water, which runs into it from a well. To the right of this, in the corner, is the Earth-Stopper, an old fellow with a grey beard, and a spade in his right hand. He is caressing a favourite dog, who looks up to him and licks his beard. A dead fox lies upon some pieces of wood above; five dogs are in the back-ground. The whole of the size of life. Wootton is much to be preferred in his figures of a small size. His large horses and dogs look as if they were made of pasteboard. On each side of the entrance-door—and, therefore, behind the spectator on entrance—are two early pieces by Stubbs, which are clever and interesting, as early specimens of the master. To the right is a portrait of a horse called Romulus, with the date 1777. There is a power of touch in this piece, which marked Stubbs through life, and who has been called by one of the most knowing of modern artists in this department, "the emperor of horse painters." The colouring and expression of the face of the groom or jockey who holds Romulus by the bridle, has considerable merit. Opposite, and on the left side on entrance, is a much better performance by the same master, of a hunter called Scape-flood. The shape of the animal is full of grace and power; and his countenance is vigorously expressed. The groom is, in my humble estimation, a master-piece in its way: perfect nature, the vacant expression, yet coupled with care and anxiety about the animal, and the tonsure of his hair by the village barber, are as evident as they are correctly executed. In the horse may be traced the rudiments of the future excellence of the painter. The size of each of these two paintings is four feet by three. This hall is thirty-one feet three inches in height, by twenty-four feet and an half in width, and thirty-three in length. The ceiling is coved, having octagonal ornaments with roses in the centre. The frieze below consists of the heads of dogs and foxes, arabesques, and capriccios,—the whole painted in white. Before passing through the door which faces the visitor on his entrance, and which conducts him to the great staircase, I must request him to turn with me through the door to the left; and, advancing again to the left, to the further end of a corridor, to accompany me through the entire suite of the ground apartments, comprehending the dining-room, family drawing-room, and five large rooms devoted to the library.'

The following description of a sporting picture is written with so much animation that we should almost think the rev. divine was fond of other ex-

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ercises than that of hunting after black-letter books :—

‘On entering the house, you are immediately made acquainted with what was, about a century ago, the ruling passion of its noble inmates. The sides of this hall are covered with paintings by the pencil of the once-famed, and yet not despicable John Wootton, descriptive of the pleasures of the chase. To the left, covering the whole side, there is a lively representation of a burst. Reynard is seen in the distance; the dogs are in full chase! the huntsman winds his horn; the whoop and halloo are given; the horses are about to be put into a full gallop; and a numerous field of sportsmen brings up the rear. Among these sportsmen no one makes a more conspicuous figure than Charles, the second Duke of Marlborough, and grandfather of the present duke, who at that time was owner of the mansion. He is riding upon a grey horse, in red breeches and waistcoat, with a dark blue jacket flapping in the wind as he gallops at full speed. He holds his whip a little like a truncheon; so that, taken altogether, and judging from the present fashion, the dress and attitude would be considered *à la militaire*. Two shepherds in the foreground, and in shadow, appear to be giving intelligence of the course of the fox. Upon the whole, this is a very joyous and animated description of the subject; and, as it occupies the entire width of the hall, twenty-four feet, it will not be considered as upon a very diminutive scale. Opposite, and of equal dimensions, is the companion to the preceding. It may be called, in its way, a Riposo. The chase is over; Reynard is slain, and held aloft by the huntsman, while dogs scramble up his knees for the tempting prey.’

We now come to the third division of Mr. Dibdin's book, and here we should have been excessively disappointed, had we not been acquainted with the tactics of the author, who makes all his works serve either as foils or nest-eggs for others. In his ‘Bibliographical Decameron,’ he promised that ‘Catalogue of the entire library, with rather copious notices of the rarer books contained in it,’ would be given to ‘the longing eyes and aching hearts of bibliomaniacs in every part of Europe.’ God keep the poor bibliomaniacs who have been looking for the ‘Ædes Althorpianæ’ for the last ten years, for they are as wide of the mark as ever, since the author gives us a very superficial view of the library, and thus again announces what he will do; we preserve his own italics and small capitals. He says :—

‘The reader will probably now expect SOME ACCOUNT of the treasures of a LIBRARY, through which he has only passed in a hasty manner, but which may have been sufficient to excite a curiosity for

more full and particular information. With every disposition to gratify his wishes, it must, at the same time, be very obvious to him that THE PRESENT is not the place for a *descriptive catalogue* even of the principal articles in each department.’

And why not, Mr. Dibdin? are you nursing it for another ten guineas' worth, to be doled out as soon as you think the folly of a last purchase has been forgotten; and thus the account of a nobleman's library may cost us thirty guineas, if you stop even here. This is book-making with a vengeance, and such as calls loudly for reprehension.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

1. *Elegy on the Death of Percy Bysshe Shelley.* By Arthur Brooke. 8vo. pp. 17. London, 1822.

2. *Verses on the Death of Percy Bysshe Shelley.* By Bernard Barton. 8vo. pp. 23. London, 1822.

MOST of our readers are acquainted with our sentiments respecting Mr. Shelley—that he was a man who sacrificed a fine genius at the shrine of infidelity, and that he was consequently dangerous in the proportion that his talents were splendid. That such a man should have been suddenly cut off from society by a premature death, may be a subject of regret; but there is nothing in his death that redeems the errors of his life, nor does the grave sanctify that which is in itself unholy. It is painful to speak of the dead, except in terms of great charity, but really the friends of Mr. Shelley have outraged all the bounds of decency, and ascribed to him what Pope did to Berkeley, ‘ev'ry virtue under heaven.’

Mr. Arthur Brooke is a gentleman of talents, and strongly tinctured with those principles which Mr. Shelley so openly avowed; it is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that he should have written an Elegy on this ‘most distinguished philosopher, philanthropist, and poet,’ as he calls him. But, whatever fellow-feeling he might have with Mr. Shelley, his muse appears to have had none; for his elegy is tame and absurd, full of false metaphors and overstrained compliments, and altogether unworthy of Mr. Brooke's talents; while the principles it would establish are as injurious as those of Mr. Shelley. The last three stanzas will illustrate all we have said of it :—

‘But he hath bowed to Nature and the power  
Of stern Necessity, the One Supreme,  
Which links impartial to its destined hour  
All chance and change; and in whose sightless  
scheme

A falling nation and a fading flower  
Are equal, howsoe'er to man they seem :  
He hath but yielded, in the obedient awe  
Of being, unto that which gives and is its law.

‘Yet shall it be permitted man to mourn  
A light departed—an extinguished star—  
A glory gone that never shall return !  
And sadly pause and ponder from afar  
The secrets of that ‘dread mysterious bourn’  
Which lies between the things which *were* and  
*are* :

So may the stillness of our sorrows reach  
Truths which a happier lore is sometimes slow  
to teach.

‘For me,—alike unknowing and unknown,—  
To deck the cenotaph of honouring thought  
Where richer flowers shall soon be fitly strewn,  
These fresh-culled buds,—such as I could,—I  
brought.

Glory protect his tomb! and if my own  
Be left neglected or be sometimes sought,  
May those who scorn be such as would not sigh  
For him, and those who seek love half so well  
as I.’

Mr. Barton's muse has been called forth with a far different feeling: he could not tamely bear to hear Mr. Brooke call Shelley ‘a most distinguished philosopher and philanthropist,’ or that his voice was ‘a living stream of love and wisdom,’ and he himself ‘the last defence of a bewildered world;’ and, therefore, he has come forth, not to depreciate the talents of Mr. Shelley, but to put his philosophy and philanthropy on their true footing. We have seen many pieces of Mr. Barton's that we liked better, but we admire his zeal in the cause of Christianity against the open and daring attacks of infidelity. The following opening stanzas will give a fair view of the merits and objects of this short poem :—

‘I gave thee praise, while life was thine,  
If weak, at least sincere—

As e'er was offer'd at the shrine

To tuneful vot'ries dear;—

I own'd thou hadst no common dower  
Of genius, harmony, and power

To waken hope and fear ;

My spirit felt their potent sway,  
And mourn'd to see them cast away.

‘To see them cast away on themes

Which ill could recompense

The proud aspirings, lofty dreams,

Of such intelligence ;

I mourn'd to think that gifts so rare

And rich, should threaten to ensnare

The Soul's diviner sense ;

Should bring a cloud o'er minds unknown,  
And fatally mislead thy own.

‘I felt all this ;—and yet at times,

As through the dark obscure

Of thy wild visionary rhymes,

A glimpse of light more pure

Would break in transient lustre forth ;

And hopes of more enduring worth,

For thee would then allure ;

These too I felt—was glad to feel ;

And hazarded one brief appeal.

‘It prov'd in vain ;—for thou hadst rear'd

A fabric of thine own ;



And all remonstrance but endear'd  
 A structure which had grown  
 From airy hopes that dreams invent:  
 Delusive, from its battlement  
 To its foundation-stone;  
 A BABEL-TOWER, by fancy built,  
 And by her gorgeous sunshine gilt.  
 'I can but grieve, that, in thine eye,  
 Such pile—Truth's temple seem'd;  
 I can but sorrow thou shouldst die,  
 Nor know thou hadst but dream'd;—  
 I more lament that there should be  
 Those, who, beguil'd by that and thee,  
 Of both unwisely deem'd:—  
 Fancied the edifice divine,  
 And thou the guardian of its shrine.'

The commendatory verses to which Mr. Barton alludes are added to the preceding poem; they are, however, written in the same tone of feeling, with regard to Mr. Shelley's principles, as the verses on his death.

*Essays.* By Father Fitz-Eustace, a Mendicant Friar. 8vo. pp. 240. London, 1822.

ESSAYS are a species of composition in which English writers have particularly excelled, and they form some of the most popular productions in our language. Of late years, however, essay writing has been much on the decline, not in quantity certainly, for every year brings forward an ample supply, but they have been, with few exceptions, of inferior merit; and we fear that even Father Fitz-Eustace himself will not be able to retrieve the character of the present age in this respect. One merit he however possesses, that his work displays good sense, good feelings, and good principles, and that his essays possess these requisites of this species of writing, that they are free, easy, and natural.

This little work contains ten essays, and the subjects are well selected. The first is on 'Writers,' and very justly condemns the rage that prevails for book-making, and particularly that appetite for remains of all kinds, which induces writers to hunt out and publish scraps and fragments, which the authors never intended for the public, and to give them to the world in volumes twice as magnificent as their chief works.

'The formation of Political Society' forms the subject of the second essay, in which the author reprehends the severity of our criminal code, and instances the difference in the state of crime between France and England, as a proof that our system is radically wrong. In France, although containing nearly thirty millions of inhabitants, crimes are not so numerous as

in England, where the population is only about eleven millions.

The third essay, which is the longest and most laboured, is on the political character of James the First of Scotland. The literary attainments, poetical talents, and romantic amour of this prince have been of late years amply discussed, but his political character,—the benefits he conferred upon his people—the abuses he corrected—the civil and political evils which he eradicated and remedied, and the wholesome laws which he caused to be enacted, have been suffered to pass nearly unnoticed. It is the object of this essay to prove that, besides being a poet and a romantic lover, James was a statesman, a philosopher, and a patriot—the civilizer of his people, and the real benefactor of Scotland.

The remaining essays are on Patriotism, the Moral and Political Causes of the Downfall of the Roman Empire, Grecian Sophistry and Roman Rhetoric, Female Character, Marriage and Constancy, Laughing and Crying Philosophers, and Modern Mourning.

In several of these essays the author discovers a knowledge of the world and of human nature, and, although we neither think him a very acute politician nor a profound philosopher, yet he is a good moralist, and always writes agreeably, whatever may be the subject he has in hand. To us it appears that Father Fitz-Eustace is a young author, and, if so, we consider him as having given evidence of promising talents. But, by this time, we think our readers are anxious to judge for themselves, and that they may be enabled to do so, we quote the Essay on the Female Character, which is of a length most convenient for quoting:—

#### ON THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

"Oh, woman, lovely woman! nature form'd thee  
 To temper man: we had been brutes without thee."

OTWAY.

'Addison has written an admirable paper respecting Salamanders. "They are," says he, "heroines in chastity, that tread upon fire, and live in the midst of flames, without being hurt. They know no distinction of sex in those with whom they converse,—grow familiar with a stranger at first sight,—and are not so narrow-spirited as to observe whether the persons they talk to be in breeches or petticoats." Such is his description of salamanders, and I am sorry to see a numerous class of the above-mentioned persons holding a situation in English society.

'There has of late appeared a prevalent desire of introducing French breeding and French manners into this island.

The looseness, the profligacy, and, I may say, the immorality of the French, are ill suited to the English nation; but an attempt has been made, and a partial success has been the consequence.

'Young men have been sent over to France for the purpose of finishing their education; that, by mixing in French society, they may be enabled to soften and ameliorate the native asperity of the English character. Young women, to the shame of their parents be it spoken, have been delivered over to the tuition of French teachers, and sent to the Continent with the like intention. There, even before they have begun to judge for themselves, and form just estimates of men and things, they have beheld, practised, and admired, the manners and breeding of the French nation; and they have returned to England *frenchified* in their notions, habits, and mode of life. I do not here mean to insinuate, that sending them to France is improper; but only that they should remain in England until they have arrived at a proper state of maturity, both in body and mind; and then real improvement would be the consequence of foreign travel.

'The looseness of manners among the French is occasioned by a delusive mode of thinking and reasoning. Thus, only to confine myself to the economy of their own habitations: the lady will admit visitors into her bed-room, and go through the whole routine and ceremony of receiving morning calls before she is out of her bed. She will dress herself behind the curtain, while the gentleman is sitting in the room, and can plainly distinguish her every movement. The women are so far dead to every sense of decency and decorum,—dead to shame,—dead to modesty. The fashion among the French is, that the ladies and gentlemen should not separate after dinner, as among the English; the females remain, to take a free and unrestrained share in the conversation. Licentiousness and grossness have no effect in the separation of the sexes. This custom of itself naturally indicates, that the morals are loose and lax, and require some certain modifications; at least, they are not suited for the English, especially boarding-school misses and boys in their teens.

"The French," says the late Mr. Scott, in his Visit to Paris, "are a clever people,—they are an active people,—they are a gay people; but they are not deep or sound thinkers,—they do not feel virtuously or permanently, or kindly,—they have no native relish for the charms of nature; the shallow sophistications and theatrical forms of artificial systems are their favourites,—they can see nothing but simple facts,—they cannot detect causes, consequences, or connexions,—and, what is worst of all, their actions are not indexes to their hearts."

'The greatest ornament in the female character is that modesty and delicacy, which endeavours to avoid the public



eye, and is suffused with blushes at the admiration it unwittingly occasions. I would not wish my readers to understand by this, that females should be insensible to applause, but only that a due observance of caution is absolutely necessary. Applause is dangerous, especially to minds which are not rightly attuned: it dazzles the eyes and stupifies the senses and ravishes the heart. It may be assimilated to laudanum; a small quantity is useful and serviceable, an over-dose productive of the most fatal consequences.

'Some persons, who have imagined themselves in possession of more real philosophy than their neighbours, have, wittily in their own estimation, asked, why should females, who are not aware of having committed any thing wrong, blush? Why should this manifest indication of guilt appear in the countenance, when the thoughts are pure and the heart innocent? But, by what argument, by what reasoning, have they arrived at this conclusion? Instead of being the attendant upon guilt, blushing is the companion of innocence: it is alone produced by the—

"Mens sibi conscia recti."

It is the demonstrative feature of sensibility and susceptibility of mind; and, in my humble estimations, when a female, however lovely, ceases to blush, she immediately loses her most powerful attraction.

'Instead of this, what is the general behaviour at present observed by females? A confident ease, an unabashed countenance, a pertness of speech, an obtrusive familiarity, are universally manifest. Coquetry and flirtation seem, in a great measure, to be the order of the day, and that sterling modesty, which once characterized the women of England, is quickly evaporating. Openness, frankness, and a candid disposition, are real ornaments to the female sex; but even these qualities should be kept within prescribed limits, which, when exceeded, must of necessity offend every liberal-minded man.

"Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines, Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum."

'Men sometimes endeavour to persuade females, that excess in frankness and candour is an utter impossibility. They have even laughed at and praised indelicacy of expression, as betokening the above qualities: but a moment's reflection would immediately point out the fallacy and the gross impropriety of these assertions. However diverted men may appear at the moment, yet, subsequently, such behaviour must raise their thorough contempt. "No man but a brute or a fool," says an elegant writer, "will insult a woman with conversation which he sees gives her pain; nor will he dare to do it if she resent the injury with becoming contempt. There is a dignity in conscious virtue, which is able to awe the most shameless and abandoned of men."

'Fulvia is a female who is neither pos-

\* This has reference only to the introduction of French fashions.

sessed of beauty, fortune, nor accomplishments, but entertains a great opinion of her own personal attractions. She wears a wig, with curls hanging in rich and clustering luxuriance adown her neck: has grey eyes and black eyebrows; long, sharp-pointed, and skinny nose; shrivelled cheeks, rusty teeth, and thin chin, between which and the nose there appears to exist so warm a sympathy, that they seem to mourn their separation, and are desperately striving to form a junction; all which, added to a *natural* Grecian stoop to her back, give her a formidable appearance. She is almost a second Will Wastle's wife, and yet she fancies herself "a person to be loved." This creature is husband-sick, and has endeavoured to entrap several young fellows, who, fortunately for themselves, have escaped her wiles, and withstood her allurements. For a husband she would give any thing. She has thrown herself purposely into the way of several youths, and with some has entered into an epistolary correspondence. She is ever arrayed in all the charms of painted loveliness and of dress; and, like a couching tigress, is ever ready to pounce upon her unsuspecting prey. She has laughed and romped and ogled and coquetted; she has answered sigh with sigh, and look with look; offered her hand to be pressed, and her cheek to be kissed a thousand times; but, poor hapless maiden! every effort has proved unsuccessful. Yet she fancies herself beautiful and accomplished, imagines herself the very pink of politeness, and prides herself on her elegance in dress.

'Belinda Nettle-top is ever gay and lovely. Her darling object is to inspire every man who beholds her with secret admiration, and inflame his heart with latent love. Her conversation is fascinating, her manners elegant, her disposition (apparently) frank, candid, and generous. A bewitching artlessness appears in every look and every motion; but when she has excited the admiration, and obtained the love of her victim, then, flushed with conquest and the satisfaction of having added another name to the extended catalogue of her lovers, she is perfectly satisfied, and turns her attention and points her attraction towards another object:—

"Simplex munditiis! Heu, quoties fidem Mutatosque Deos flebit, et aspera Nigris æquora ventis Emirabitur insolens. Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea! Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem Sperat, nescius auræ Fallacis? miseri quibus Intentata nites."

'Every theatre and every street in this large metropolis exemplify the ravages which men have committed on the fairer portion of the creation. Thousands and thousands have been ruined by having too implicitly relied on the honour of the male sex; who, having had nothing in view but the mere gratification of sensuality, have committed numberless perjuries and acts of perfidy, and have finally

triumphed, leaving their hapless victims in the lowest state of ruin, infamy, and degradation:—

"Trust not a man; we are by nature false, Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and inconstant; When a man talks of love, with caution trust him; But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee."

#### ANECDOTES OF MUSIC.

The Thirty-fourth Part of the *Percy Anecdotes* is devoted to Music; and, besides giving an anecdotal history of the subject, contains a number of curious anecdotes relative to the science and its professors. The Part is embellished with a good portrait of Dr. Crotch. The following are a few of the anecdotes:—

'*Scottish Music*.—James the First of Scotland, whose youth was spent in captivity in England, is now generally regarded as the inventor of that exquisite style of music, for which Scotland is so justly celebrated and admired. He is said by all our ancient chroniclers, to have been eminently skilled in music; Walter Bower assures us, that he "excelled all mankind in the art, both vocal and instrumental." The first writer who speaks of him as the father of Scottish music, is Tassoni, an Italian writer, who flourished above a century after the death of James. "We may reckon," he says, "among us moderns, James, King of Scotland, who not only composed many sacred pieces of vocal music, but also of himself invented a new kind of music, plaintive and melancholy, different from all others, in which he has been imitated by Carlo Gessualdo, Prince of Venosa, who, in our age, has improved music with new and admirable inventions." (Pensieri Diversi, lib. 10). From this statement it is clear, that at the time Tassoni wrote, James had the traditional reputation of being the inventor of a "new kind of music;" and, in representing that music as of a character "plaintive and melancholy, different from all others," it must be allowed that the Italian author has described it by those features which are most distinctly characteristic of by far the greater part of the popular airs of Scotland.

'It was at one time a commonly received opinion, that Rizzio, the minion of Queen Mary, had imparted to Scottish music those charms which have gained for it such general acceptance throughout the world; but this idea has long since been exploded. It does not appear that Rizzio was even a composer of any kind; he was a good fourth in a concert, but nothing more.

'A strong resemblance has been observed between the music of the Welsh, the Irish, and the Scots, and yet they are all very distinguishable from one another. There is a remarkable difference of character even between the music of the north and the south of Scotland. The northern is generally martial, for the most part melancholy, and bears a strong resemblance



to the Irish; the southern is pastoral and amorous, with such an air of tender melancholy, as love and solitude in a wild romantic country are apt to inspire.

'Bower, who wrote in 1444-9, gives an account of the state of music in his time, and declares it as the opinion of many, that the Scottish music excelled that of the Irish; and the historian John Major, who flourished about the latter end of the fifteenth century, asserts that the musicians of Scotland were as perfect as those of England, although not so numerous. "The Highlanders," says he, "lyra utuntur, cujus chordas ex are, et non ex intestinis animalium faciunt, in qua dulcissime modulantur."

'In the families of feudal chiefs, or heads of clans, in those times, the bard was a considerable personage, who, on festivals or other solemn occasions, used to sing or rehearse the splendid actions of the ancestors of the family, accompanying his voice with the sweet sounds of the harp. At this time, too, there were itinerant or strolling minstrels, performers of the harp, who went about the country from place to place, reciting heroic ballads and other popular episodes. To these sylvan minstrels we are perhaps indebted for the preservation of many fine old melodies.

'The church-music in Scotland, previous to the reformation, was of a highly respectable order. From some of the choral service books which survived the fury of the reformers, it appears to have consisted entirely of harmonic compositions, of from four to eight parts, all in strict counter-point. Though deficient in air, such pieces were perfectly suited to the solemnities of religious adoration, and, when performed by a full choir of voices accompanied by the organ, must have had a very solemn and impressive effect.

'After the reformation, it became a practice with the Scots clergy, to adapt their enthusiastic rhapsodies to the tunes of the common songs, of which they, for the most part, preserved a few lines at the beginning. About the year 1590, a collection of these pieces was printed at Edinburgh by Andrew Hart, under the title of "A compendious book of godly and spiritual Sanges, collectit out of sundrie parts of the Scripture, with sundrie of uther Ballats, changed out of prophaine Sanges, for avoiding of sinne," &c. From this book we quote a specimen, being the first three verses of one of these godly songs, which certainly afford a curious specimen of the devotional exercises of the times:—

"John come kiss me now,  
John come kiss me now,  
John come kiss me by and by,  
And mak na mair adow."

"The Lord thy God I am,  
That (John) does thee call,  
John represents man  
By grace celestial."

"My prophets call, my preachers cry,  
John come kiss me now,

John come kiss me by and by,  
And mak na mair adow."

'A writer of later date, one William Geddes, minister of Wick, who published in 1683 a collection of hymns, under the title of "The Saint's Recreation," alluding to these pious travesties, offers the following ingenious defence of them: "I cannot omit," says he, "to obviate an objection which may be raised by some inconsiderate persons, which is this: 'O! say they, 'we remember some of these airs or tunes were sung here before with amorous sonnets.' To this I answer, first, that in this practice I have the precedent of some of the most pious, grave, and zealous divines of the kindom, who, to very good purpose, have composed godly songs to the tunes of such old songs as these, 'The Bonny Broom, I'll never leave thee;' 'We'll all go pull the Hadder;' and such like; and yet without any challenge or disparagement. Secondly, it is alleged by some, and that not without some colour of reason, that many of our ayres or tunes are made by good angels, but the letter or lines of our songs by devils. Thirdly, it is as possible and probable that those vain profane men who composed these amorous naughty sonnets, have surreptitiously borrowed those grave sweet tunes from former spiritual hymns and songs; and why may we not again challenge our own, plead for restitution, and bring back to the right owner; applying those grave airs again to a divine and spiritual subject?"

'Many fine Scots airs are to be found in the well-known collection of songs by Tom D'Urfey, entitled, "Pills to Purge Melancholy," published in the year 1702; nor do they seem to have suffered much, if any thing, by their passing through the hands of those English masters, who were concerned in the editing of that work.'

'*Power of Music in Battle.*—Music has sometimes the effect of inspiring courage in the most timid dispositions, and thus even triumphing over nature. An old officer, who served under the Duke of Marlborough, was naturally so timid, as to show the utmost reluctance to an engagement, until he heard the drums and trumpets, when his spirits were raised to such a degree, that he became most ardent to be engaged with the enemy, and would then expose himself to the utmost dangers.'

'*Eccentric Concert.*—In the reign of Charles the Ninth of France, music was much patronised; and Mersennus gives a curious description of a viol, sufficiently spacious to contain young pages, who sung treble to the airs, while he who played the bass part on the viol, sung the tenor, in order to form a complete concert in three parts.'

'*Mr. John Davy.*—One of the most remarkable instances of musical precocity, and to be ranked in this respect, with his contemporary, Dr. Crotch, is Mr. John Davy, the living composer of the music of several popular songs and operas. When he was a child of not more than

three years of age, he came into a room where his uncle was playing over a psalm tune on the violoncello, and, the moment he heard the instrument, he ran away crying, and was so terrified, that he was expected to fall into fits. His uncle, however, by a little coaxing, so reconciled him to the instrument, that in a few days he became passionately fond of the amusement. At this time there was a company of soldiers quartered at Crediton, a town about a mile from Hilion; his uncle took him there frequently; and one day, attending the roll-call, he appeared to be greatly delighted with the fifes; but not content with hearing them, he borrowed one, and very soon selected several tunes, which he played very decently.

'After this, he collected a quantity of what the country people call biller; it is tubular, and grows on marshy grounds; with this biller he made several imitations of the fife, and sold them to his school-fellows. When between four and five years of age, his ear was so very correct, that he could play any easy tune, after hearing it only once or twice. Before he was six years old, a neighbouring smith, into whose shop he used frequently to run, lost between twenty and thirty horse-shoes. Diligent search was made for them for several days; but all to no purpose. Soon after, the smith heard some musical sounds which seemed to come from the upper part of the house, in which young Davy lived, and having listened a sufficient time to be convinced that his ears did not deceive him, he went up stairs, where he discovered the young musician and his property between the ceiling of the thatched roof. He had selected eight horse-shoes out of more than twenty, to form a complete octave; had suspended each of them by a single chord, clear from the wall, and, with a small iron rod, was amusing himself with imitating Crediton chimes, which he did with great exactness. The publicity which this story quickly obtained, induced a neighbouring clergyman, of considerable rank in the church, to take the young prodigy under his patronage. He provided Davy with the use of a harpsichord, on which, by his own unassisted exertions, he was shortly able to play any easy lesson which came in his way. He next applied himself to the violin, and found but few difficulties to surmount in his progress on that instrument. When eleven years old, he was introduced by his patron to the Rev. Mr. Eastcott, of Exeter, who set him down to the piano-forte; and soon perceiving that the seeds of music were sown in a rich soil, he recommended his friends to place him with some cathedral organist, under whom he might have free access to a good instrument, and get some knowledge of the rules of composition. Accordingly, Mr. Jackson, organist of Exeter Cathedral, was applied to, who consented to take him, and he was articled to him when about twelve years of age. His progress in church-music was hardly credible; in his

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voluntaries, in particular, his invention is said to have been extraordinary. He continued to improve, and became an excellent performer on the organ. He likewise became a good violin, viol, and violincello player; and composed some vocal quartettes, which were thought elegant by the first professors of London.

Mr. Davy has since been regularly retained as a composer to the theatres, and distinguished for the correctness of his several musical pieces, as well as the facility with which they have been produced.\*

## Americana,

No. XII.

### THE HOG.

AN ORATION WRITTEN FOR MASTER T. L. J.\*

[The following mock-heroic oration is said to be written by a distinguished scholar, and one who occupies a seat in high places. Its vein of humour is well preserved throughout.—*American Editor.*]

*Respected Preceptor and beloved Class-mates,*

Tired of having recourse to our school books for studied pieces of elocution; for our declamatory exercises, which though admired for their various beauties, have become in a manner uninteresting from continual repetition, I have ventured, like a nestling from the branch, to take a flight of my own, with a view to try my powers. Should I, in this attempt, call forth your risible faculties, by blending together, in the repast I am about to offer you, the *Hog* and the *Fine Arts*, *Gastronomy* and *Beauty*, the *Holy Alliance* and *Stump Orators*, which I propose to serve up, after the German manner, garnished with American brains, and a few French nick-knacks, I must assure you that mirth is not my sole object: a moral, as you will find by listening to me with indulgence, may be drawn from a *Pig*, as well as from the democratic ant or monarchical bee.

The hog is the king of all unclean animals; his empire is the most universal, and his qualities the most unequivocal of any other. He is the sovereign of the cook shop; without him we should have no *lard*, no forced-meat balls, nor fixed ammunition for the frying pan; no roast pigs—in short, no kitchen.

Your Willichs, Volneys, Buchans, and Meases, cry in vain that his flesh is heavy and laxative.—Our Mitchils

\* Lest the author should be considered as a finished gastronome, it is but in justice to himself as well to the inimitable author of the *Almanac des Gourmands*, to state, that he is indebted to that amusing work for many of the culinary and other articles in the eulogy.

and Physicks, Hunts and Worthingtons, may tell us, if they please, that it is indigestible and scorbutic; we know they would be very sorry were we to believe them; for, on the score of *bilious fevers* and *dyspepsies*, the hog is the best feather in their caps. The Jews, though they regard him with horror, as do some Christians, (many of whom are perfect Jews,) while many Jews excel the Christian in the practice of every virtue; yet neither of them will hesitate to eat good blood puddings, when they can get them.

If you want to learn the value of the hog, consult the French cook, who knows how to dress eggs in *six hundred and eighty-five different ways*, and he will tell you that the *artist* alone is at the head of the culinary profession, who has triumphed over every obstacle, by varying his *compositions* in such a manner as to give the flesh of the hog the most learned, exquisite, and multiplied forms:—

‘To mix the food by vicious rules of art,  
To kill the stomach, and to sink the heart;  
To make mankind to social virtue soar,  
Cram o’er each dish, and be what they devour.  
For this the kitchen muse first framed her book  
Commanding sweat to stream from every cook:  
Children no more their antic gambols tried,  
And friends to physic wonder’d how they died.’

Thus sung our inimitable hasty-pudding bard; and yet, had we asked him to name his favourite dish, he would have answered, *pork and beans*, with the same simplicity as he informed us that all his cones were made of Indian corn. Put the same question to a member from the ‘Ancient Dominion,’ and he will tell you *hog* and *homony*; to one from Maryland, and he will answer, the wing of a *mud lark*;\* to the chairman of a committee, who maintains that there is no *report* like the report of a cork, ‘no digest of laws like the laws of digestion,’ and he will reply *ham* and *chickens*. Even the judge who lost his hat the other day in a rencontre with a drove of these sturdy grunTERS moving heedlessly down the Pennsylvania avenue to the pot, the stew-pan, smoke-house, harness-tub, and spit, will say *bacon* and *eggs*.

Nature has so arranged it, that every part of the hog is good—there is nothing in him to reject. The *fine arts* have disputed with the kitchen the honour of stripping him, and, while many a ‘knight of the dishclout’ owes his fortune to the hog, his bristles have been the instrument of the glory of a West

\* Mud Lark—the Marylanders’ term for hog. Thus, the wing of a mud lark, in the slang of the country, is a ham.

and a Trumbull, and have added to the fame of many an epic poem, in a choice metaphor:

‘Thy hair so bristles with unmanly fears  
As fields of corn that rise in bearded ears.’

The gouty nabob’s limbs, the dapper dandy’s head, the house-maid, valet, chimney-sweeper, and shoe-black, are all indebted to him: while the divine mouth of Miss —, whose pouting lips, ‘resembling blushing berries cast on snow,’ I never kissed, perhaps never shall, owes half its sweetness to the hog\*.

When treating of this valuable animal, we are at a loss to know how to get into the subject, or at which end to take him. If we begin at the most noble part, we shall discover that, without much labour, it is transformed for the tables of princes, so as to resemble (which we hold contrary to the arts of civilization) the head of a wild boar. His cutlets, whether broiled simply *en papillote*, or served in *ragout*, are gratifying to our sensuality. His thighs and shoulders have contributed to the riches and reputation of Virginia, Westphalia, and Bayonne. His ears and tongue are tidbits when operated upon by an expert cook; and his *uprights*, when dressed after the consummate manner of *Saint Minue*, are preferred by all the members of the *Holy Alliance* to that plain, though famous American dish, the *Rights of Man*, the stamina of all good constitutions, which the sovereign people will finally have to cram down their legitimate throats with less ceremony than we stuff young turkeys, before they know what is good for themselves and those who *nourish* and *support* them.

The hog’s haslet, intestines, web, and scrapings, form the essentials and tubes of all our sausages. Even his blood has the advantage over that of other animals, of being turned divers ways to the cravings of our appetites. His meat, hashed fine, in addition to the various metamorphoses it is subjected to, is the principal ingredient of that exquisite stuffing which accommodates itself so marvellously to the cavities, of what, to that boasting feeder, John Bull, is *rara avis*—a *roasted turkey*. His breast and middlings, when consigned to the pickle, are alike estimable, when garnished with greens or engulfed in a New England chowder; while, if hashed in small cubes, and studded, like pearls over the liver of a calf, the crested *fricandeau* rises to our view, to reign the queen of all the

\* By the tooth brush.



senses, and again, when cut in transparent slices, to decorate the breasts of partridges, woodcocks, snipes, quails, ortolans, reed birds, and such like superlatives of the table, they supersede the necessity of larding or basting in the usual way—giving a flavour to these roasted delights, which the delicate palates of such renowned epicures as your Tom Brattles of America, D'Algreffulles of France, and Quins of England, find incomparable. Shall we mention, Brown, his spare-rib, Chinese, the rasher of bacon or pork, sprinkled with vinegar, and sweetened with all the boatmen's delight, and his head, called, when deprived of its bones, a *cheese*? The very gastric juice of a true *Gastronome*, on his beholding it, rises to the mouth, impatient to envelope it.

Then comes his skin, to form the *borachos*, in which the Spanish and Portuguese vintagers transport their generous wine, called by the old *Chanoine* the *milk* of the aged, the *balsam* of the adult, and the *vehicle* of the epicure. Then, again, it is destined for the *creble* and the *seive*, and, finally, to prove its superior excellence, on the saddle of the horseman. In this shape, how many stumps' orators it takes a-stride, and bears along through bog and briar, in Indian track, and over turnpike, vexing, by its durability and pliability, the coarser texture of its rough neighbours, until, by 'stooping down, as needs he must who cannot sit upright,' these idols of the people arrive, with their *noble* suffering parts, at the crimson seat of honour.

In short, from the St. Croix to the Mississippi, from the Blue Ridge to the Rocky Mountains, what would man be without his hog? His virtues and his worth are known to all, from the mayor of New York, for which he has long officiated as scavenger-general, to that hardy ocean-troubler, the Marblehead fisherman, of whose cod he is the aid-de-camp; and, though all are indebted to him for so many enjoyments, yet they never mention him but in the language of abuse, and never cease to load his name with the most opprobrious terms.

Not so the ancients. They honoured him by sacrificing him to Ceres, the goddess of abundance, for having taught men how to plough the earth. The Egyptians sacrificed him to the full moon and to Bacchus. They regarded him, too, as the symbol of intrepidity, and, when in his fury, ravaging vineyards and harvests, as a superb

and cruel conqueror, though they at the same time held his flesh in aversion as unclean. The death of the wild boar of the mountain of Erymanthe, was one of the *twelve labours of Hercules*, in whose time the hog was immolated on wedding days, as an emblem of fecundity. He was also sacrificed to Diana, and in the island of Crete he was considered as a sacred animal. In short, he has been sung over by high priests, immortalized by poets, and his virtues have been recorded by sage historians.

What school-boy does not recollect the inspired seer, who read the oracles of destiny to Æneas, foretelling the hero that his wanderings would not cease until he should espy the predestined infallible signals of civilization and future grandeur, a white sow recumbent with her litter of pigs, emblem of a multiplying people, the sources of wealth and power:—

*'Cum tibi sollicito secreti ad fluminis undam  
Litoreis ingens inventa sub illicibus sus,  
Triginta capitum fetus enixa jacebit,  
Alba, solo recubans, albi circum ubera nati;  
Is locus urbis erit: regnies ea certa laborum.'*

*'When in the shady shelter of a wood,  
And near the margin of a gentle flood,  
Thou shalt behold a sow upon the ground,  
With thirty suckling young encompassed round;  
The dam and offspring white as fallen snow,  
These on thy city shall their name bestow,  
And THERE shall end thy labours and thy woe.'*

In Rome, the hog was held in the highest estimation, and there the most particular attention was paid to the art of feeding, cleaning, and fattening him—an art which the Latin authors on rural economy called *porculantio*. Under the emperors, the vulgar luxury of *gluttony* (for a fine polished *gastronome* was not known in those days) was carried to great excess, even to a cruelty too disgusting to mention. Among the opulent *ferocious* Romans, as Lady Morgan very properly styles them, they had two celebrated ways of preparing and cooking a hog:—one consisted of serving him up, large as life, with one side boiled and the other roasted; the other was called the *Trojan* manner, in allusion to the famous horse of Troy, stuffed with combatants.—It consisted of taking out all the inside of the hog, and then forcing him with every species of game and other victims, filling the crevices with oysters, the whole moistened with costly wines and rich juices. This preparation of the Trojan hog led to such extravagancies that it became the subject of a sumptuary law.

We have heard some gentlemen, from the eastern shore of Maryland, boast of their roasted hogs, after the

West India manner; but we suspect they never heard of such *barbecues* as these, which appear to us to be as extraordinary as the infernal venison—a roasted tiger stuffed with tenpenny nails, which a *terrific* itinerant preacher once told his hearers his Satanic majesty served up to all sinners.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### EMINENT ENGLISHMEN.

(From Aubrey's Lives.)

*Sir Walter Raleigh*—He was a tall, handsome, bold man; had a most remarkable aspect—an exceeding high forehead, long faced, and sour eye-lidded, a kind of pigge-eie; but withall, that awfulness and ascendancy in his aspect over other mortals, that, as K. Charles I. said of the Lord Strafford, he was a person that a prince would rather be afraid than ashamed of. At an obscure tavern in Drury Lane (a bayliff's) is a good picture of this worthy, and also of others of his time, taken upon some execution, I suppose, formerly. But the best is at Mr. Raleigh's, at Downton, (an original) where he is in a white satin doublet, all embroidered with rich pearls, and a mighty rich chaine of great pearls about his neck. The old servants have told me, that the pearls were near as big as the painted ones. I heard my cousin Witney say that he saw him in the Tower. He had a velvet cap laced, and a rich gowne and trunke hose.

*Sir Philip Sidney* is described as being not only of an excellent wit, but extremely beautiful. He much resembled his sister, says our author, but his haire was not red, but a little inclining, viz.—a darke amber colour. If I were to find a fault in it, methinkes 'twas not masculine enough. My great-uncle Browne remembered him, and sayd that he wont to take his table booke out of his pockets and write down his notions as they came into his head, when he was writing his *Arcadia*, as he was hunting on our pleasant plaines (in Wiltshire).

*Spencer*, Mr. Beeston says, was a little man, wore short haire, little band, and little cuffs. When he brought Sir Philip Sidney his *Faery Queen*, Sir Philip was busy at his study, and his servant delivering Mr. Spencer's booke, he layd it by, thinking it might be such kind of stuffe as he was frequently troubled with. Mr. Spencer staid so long that his patience was wearied, and he went his way discontented, and never intended to come again. When Sir Philip perused it, he was so ex-

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ceedingly delighted, that he was extremely sorry he was gone, and where to send for him he knew not. After much inquiry, he learned his lodging, and sent him so handsome a present, that from this time there was a great friendship between them to Sir Philip's dying day. Lately taking down the wainscot of his chamber, at Sir Erasmus Dreydein's, they found abundance of cards, with stanzas of the *Faerie Queen* written on them.

*Milton.*—He was a spare man, had light browne hayre, his complexion exceeding faire, oval face, his eie a darke grey. His widow hath his picture, when a Cambridge scholar, which ought to be engraved, for the pictures before his book are not at all like him. He had a delicate tuneable voice and good skill, but played most on an organ which he had in the house. His chief exercise was walking. After dinner, he used to walk three or four hours at a time (he always had a garden where he lived); went to bed about nine. Temperate; he rarely drank between meales. Extremely pleasant in his conversation, and at dinner, supper, &c.—but satyricall. He was visited by learned much more than he did desire.

*Dr. William Harvey*, (author of that great discovery, the circulation of the blood.)—He was not tall, but of the lowest stature; round faced, olivaster (like wainscott) complexion; little eie, round, very black, full of spirit. His haire was black as a raven, but quite white twenty years before he died.

*Sir John Denham's* eie was a kind of light goose-grey, not big; but it had a strange piercingness, not as to shining and glory, but (like a Momus); when he conversed with you he looked into your very thoughts. He was of the tallest, but a little incurvetting at his shoulders, not very robust; his haire was but thin and flaxen, with a moist curle. His gate was slow, and was rather a stalking (he had long legges.)

*Butler* (Author of *Hudibras*.) He died of a consumption, Sept. 25, 1680, aged about 70, and was buried the 27th, according to his owne appointment, in the churchyard of Covent Garden, in the north part, next the church at the east end. His feet touch the wall. His grave, two yards distant from the pillaster of the dore, (by his desire) 6 foot deepe. There were about 25 of his old acquaintance at his funerall; I myself being one. He was much troubled with the gowt before he died,

and stirred not out of his chamber from October till Easter; was of a middle stature, strong sett, highly coloured, a head of sorrell haire, a severe and sound judgement, a good fellowe. He hath often said that Waller's way of quibbling with sense, would hereafter growe as much out of fashion, and be as ridiculous as quibbling with words.

*Sir John Suckling* was of the middle stature and slight strength, brisque round eie, reddish-faced and red nosed (ill liver), his head not very big, his hayre a kind of sand-colour; his beard turn'd up naturally, so that he had a brisk and graceful look.

*Waller*, one of the first refiners of our English language and poetry.—When he was a briske young sparke, and first studyed poetry, 'Methought,' says he, 'I never sawe a good copie of English verses; they all want smoothnesse; then I began to essay.' I have severall times heard him say, that he cannot versify when he will; but when the fit comes upon him he does it easily. His intellectuals are very good yet (1680), but he growes feeble. He is somewhat above a middle stature, thin body, not at all robust; fine thin skin, his hayre frized, of a brownish colour; full eie, popping out and working; ovall faced, his forehead high and full of wrinkles; his head but small, brane very hott, and apt to be cholérique. He writes a lamentable hand, as bad as the scratching of a hen.

*Hobbes.*—In his old age he was very bald, yet within dore he used to study and sitt bare headed, and sayd he never tooke cold in his head; but that the greatest trouble was to keepe off the flies from pitching on his baldness. His head was of a mallet forme, approved by the physiologers. His face not very great, ample forehead, yellowish red whiskers, which naturally turned up; below he was shaved close, except a little tip under his lip; not but that nature would have afforded him a venerable beard, but, being mostly of a cheerful and pleasant humour, he affected not all austerity and gravity, and to look severe. He considered gravity and heavinesse of countenance not so good marks of assurance of God's favour, as a cheerful, charitable, and upright behaviour, which are better signes of religion than the zealous maintaining of controverted doctrines.

#### SOBER DISSUASIONS FROM DRUNKENNESS.

'Fly drunkenness, whose vile continuance Takes both away the reason and the sense,

Till, with Circeon cups thy mind possesse,  
Leaves to be men, and wholly turns a beast.  
Think, whilst thou swallow'st the capacious bowl,

Thou let'st in seas to wreck and drown the soul—

—Quite leave this vice, and turn not to't again,

Upon presumption of a stronger brain;  
For he that holds more wine than others can,  
I rather count a hogshead than a man.'

RANDOLPH.

If you wish to be always thirsty, be a drunkard, for the oftener and more you drink, the oftener and more thirsty you will be.

If you seek to prevent your friends raising you in the world, be a drunkard, for that will defeat all their efforts.

If you would effectually counteract your own attempts to do well, be a drunkard, and you will not be disappointed.

If you wish to repel the endeavours of the whole human race to raise you to character, credit, and prosperity, be a drunkard, and you will most assuredly triumph.

If you are determined to be poor, be a drunkard, and you will soon be ragged and penniless.

If you wish to starve your family, be a drunkard, for that will consume the means of their support.

If you would be spunged on by knaves, be a drunkard, and that will make their task easy.

If you wish to be robbed, be a drunkard, which will enable the thief to do it with more safety.

If you wish to blunt your senses, be a drunkard, and you will soon be more stupid than an ass.

If you would become a fool, be a drunkard, and you will soon lose your understanding.

If you wish to incapacitate yourself for rational intercourse, be a drunkard, for that will render you wholly unfit for it.

If you wish all your prospects in life to be clouded, be a drunkard, and they will soon be dark enough.

If you would destroy your body, be a drunkard, as drunkenness is the mother of disease.

If you mean to ruin your soul, be a drunkard, that you may be excluded from Heaven.

If you are resolved on suicide, be a drunkard, that being a sure mode of destruction.

If you would expose both your folly and your secrets, be a drunkard, and they will run out, while the liquor runs in.

If you are plagued with great bodily



strength, be a drunkard, and it will soon be subdued by so powerful an antagonist.

If you would get rid of your money without knowing how, be a drunkard, and it will vanish insensibly.

If you would have no resource when past labour but a workhouse, be a drunkard, and you will be unable to provide any.

If you are determined to expel all domestic harmony from your house, be a drunkard, and Discord, with all her evil train, will soon enter.

If you would be always under strong suspicion, be a drunkard, for little as you think it, all agree that those who steal from themselves and families will rob others.

If you would be reduced to the necessity of shunning your creditors, be a drunkard, and you will soon have reason to prefer the bye-paths to the public streets.

If you like the amusements of a court of conscience, be a drunkard, and you may be often gratified.

If you would be a dead weight on the community and 'cumber the ground,' be a drunkard, for that will render you useless, helpless, burthensome, and expensive.

If you would be a nuisance, be a drunkard, for the approach of a drunkard is like that of a dunghill.

If you would be odious to your family and friends, be a drunkard, and you will soon be more than disagreeable.

If you would be a pest to society, be a drunkard, and you will be avoided as infectious.

If you dread reformation of your faults, be a drunkard, and you will be impervious to all admonition.

If you would smash windows, break the peace, get your bones broken, tumble under carts and horses, and be locked up in watch-houses, be a drunkard, and it will be strange if you do not succeed.

Finally, if you are determined to be utterly destroyed, in estate, body, and soul, be a drunkard, and you will soon know that it is impossible to adopt a more effectual means to accomplish your—END.

### Original Poetry.

#### BE MINE THE WINE-CUP.

BE mine the wine-cup mantling high  
And mine a life of mirth;  
Be banish'd each intrusive sigh  
That mars my bliss on earth.

For long has sorrow sway'd my soul,  
And check'd each rising joy;  
Then, Bacchus, in thy festive bowl  
Henceforth I'll care destroy.

For why should I in sadness pine,  
Or wherefore droop in grief,  
When midnight rounds of mirth and wine  
Might yield my soul relief? TYRO.

#### SOLICITUDE.

THOU shalt not go yet;—let the trumpet sound;  
Let the life play on and the drum beat round;  
Thou shalt not go yet,—for the war in my heart  
Must be conquer'd by thee, or I die and we part!

Shall the years of our youth, like a cloud in the sky,  
Which loses its brightness when evening is nigh,—  
Shall they pass to the bourne of our kindred forgot?

Hast thou ever lov'd Mary, sincerely, or not?

The sword and the ribbon delusively gay,  
Have wean'd thy light-thoughted affections astray:

Remember poor Mary! when Mary is laid  
In her desolate grave that will shortly be made!

See yonder my father and mother in years,  
They love thee like one whom attachment endears;

Return thee, embrace them, thy serjeant is near,—

I will gain thy discharge, if thou lingerest here.

Thou shalt not go yet;—I will sell off my flax;  
I will hie to the town with my honey and wax:  
We yet may be happy!—our peace may be found!

Thy freedom obtain'd and solicitude crown'd.  
J. R. P.

#### LONDON IS THE CITY OF WONDERS.

##### A NEW SONG.

OH, London's the city of wonders,  
Though Monsieur may attempt to defame us,  
In spite of the Frenchman's strange blunders,  
Though the dull sons of commerce they name us.

Our ships go by steam on the ocean,  
Our gas lamps burn bright without oil,  
And Owen has got an odd notion  
To make us all tillers of soil.

We've a man made of wood who plays chess,  
We've jugglers cramming swords down their throats,

We have kings made of wax and Queen Bess,  
And a hundred new plans for Bank notes.

We have theatres turn'd into shows,  
With ventriloquist mimics so wond'rous;  
We have singers from Italy, God knows,  
Who find the genteel way to plunder us.

We have a dog who performs on the stage,  
There is none of his species surpass him;  
These actors canine are the rage,  
Next to Garrick or Kean they will class 'em.

We have an orrery showing the stars,  
Mother earth, who spins round like tetotum;  
We have balloons in the clouds, with their cars  
With the moon calves, if there are any to note 'em.

We have a wheel to exercise thieves,  
To keep them from picking our pockets;  
And in better health after it leaves  
Your Macheaths and Peachums and Lockits.

We have snuff-boxes playing sweet tunes,  
We have telescopes taller than houses,  
To magnify planets and moons,  
And which Herschel's grand system espouses.

We have almanacks telling eclipses,  
With all things past and to come;  
This Moore will soon starve all the gypsies,  
And make fortune-tellers quite dumb.

He can tell to a minute and hour  
When the clouds are in humour to rain;  
No weather-glass boasts half the power,  
The temperature so to explain.

In winter, he says 'twill be cold,  
In summer, he don't think 'twill snow;  
Then, in prose and in verse he'll unfold  
What will happen to empires below.

We have giants who touch St. Paul's steeple,  
We have dwarfs who might nestle in eggs;  
We have monsters amusing the people,  
With six arms, no head, and twelve legs.

We have Saqui, who came here to show us  
How valiant French ladies must be;  
Like a goddess, she looks down below us,  
From the clouds all the men-mites to see.

We have craniologists, famous for telling  
Our nature, by bumps on our scones;  
There are Spurzhiem and Gall, both excel in  
This system for finding out dunces.

We have the body of noted Tom Paine,  
Which the radicals thought would enrich 'em;  
But they can't set Tom prating again,  
However his systems bewitch 'em.

We had monarchs who came here to view us,  
When the war game was won and quite over;  
When we gave a gold crown to King Louis,  
And shipp'd all the Bourbons from Dover.

We have plenty of work for the reaper,  
Though good harvests they say have undone us;

But, so as it make the bread cheaper,  
We wont let the corn dealers fun us.

We have ponies like lap-dogs so pretty,  
We have dogs that seem wiser than we are,  
We have a pig an arithmetician,—what a pity  
Vansittart dont make him financier.

We have misers, on cat's meat e'en feeding,  
Who die and make monarchs their heirs;  
We have wild beasts in menageries breeding,  
Lions, tigers, apes, elephants, bears.

We have the opposition ministers huffing,  
But would they make prosperity surer,  
Or are they like lottery men puffing,  
Whose high prizes make us the poorer?

We have Wellington's statue so tall,  
With modesty at it much loathing;  
Sure the ladies will faint in the Mall,  
And offer it part of their cloathing.

We have Belzoni return'd from the Nile  
With a load of Egyptian devices;  
We have pyramids offer'd for sale,  
And the worshipp'd Osiris and Isis.

There's a mummy two thousand years old,  
Or it may be a thousand years older,  
And his phiz looks so warlike and bold  
He must be surely some hero and soldier.

The Egyptians were famous for keeping  
The dead from the insolent worms,  
And their monarchs are often found sleeping,  
Turn'd to mummies and fanciful forms.

We have a poet who won't live among us,  
Tho' he often sends Murray some news,  
And some beautiful things has he sung us,  
And satyris'd men and reviews.



There are other things, too, I could tell of;  
There is plenty for satire to sing,  
Some English who can never think well of  
Their country, their laws, or their king.

If you ask them if Britain's an island,  
They scarcely can say yes or no;  
If you ask whereabouts is the highland  
On a map I don't think they could show.

And there are the men who write travels,  
Lies and wonders serve to fill up their books,  
The contents their own dull genius gravels,  
And the paper serves the moths or the cooks.

A mole-hill they'd exalt to a mountain,  
A puddle into a river make grow,  
A squirt they'd transform to a fountain,  
Just as harlequin changes below.

We have fish, too, with wings and without 'em,  
We have serpents a few miles in length,  
We have conjurors, who dares to doubt 'em,  
And strong men with Hercules' strength.

We had Bonaparte chain'd to a rock,  
And we built him a wood house to dwell in,  
And he thought that we did it to mock  
Him in his rat-swarmling isle of Saint Helen.

We had his things by the hammer knock'd down,  
His dressing case, carriage, and horses;  
And the dandies, who flourish'd in town,  
Made light of the Emperor's crosses.

We have a park call'd the Regent's; 'tis noted  
For a sight of renown'd Primrose Hill,  
And in raptures 'tis by cockney bards quoted—  
Its green top won't let them be still.

We have the Abbey, where poets are sleeping,  
Where monarchs are buried or crown'd,  
But there's no act of Parliament for keeping  
The worms from where dead kings are found.

We have exhibitions in every street,  
Pictures, and the gods' heads in marble;  
And heroes without heads and feet,  
Who figure in Pantheon and fable.

We have quacks who can cure all diseases,  
Couch the blind from darkness to sight,  
Stop the plague the moment one sneezes,  
Make an old man quite young in a night.

We have a hundred Van Butchell's around us,  
Who are foes to the gout and the stone,  
And rude Death shall no longer confound us,—  
They have so many new deaths of their own.

So London's the city of wonders  
If you've money, all the sights you may see;  
If you've none, why you'll only make blunders  
In describing this London to me.  
London, October, 1822. S. L.

#### RETROSPECTION.

FAREWELL, ye scenes, where all my youthful  
days,  
Replete with innocence, in raptures fled;  
Where Nature's beauties fir'd my early lays,  
And storms, unheeded, mutter'd o'er my head.

Farewell, sweet Grife! for thee my sorrows flow,  
Whose winding course thro' vales romantic  
bends;

'Twas on thy banks my heart erst felt the glow,  
By beauty kindled, and inspir'd by friends.

Though fate ordains that far from thee I roam,  
Far from thy seats of innocence and love,  
Yet fancy oft shall bear thy wand'rer home,  
And picture pleasures he was wont to prove.

Yes! oft shall mem'ry hail the blissful hours,  
(Devoid of care, nor subject to controul)  
I've spent with Mary in these rural bowers,  
In guiltless intercourse of soul and soul.

Sweet Grife, adieu! lov'd scenes, once more  
farewell!

Of Fate's decree 'tis useless to complain;  
From ye I go, but ah! no words can tell  
My bosom's grief till I return again. R.

#### Fine Arts.

##### MISS LINWOOD'S EXHIBITION.

It is certainly uncommon to review the needle-work of a lady; it is not often that a modern Minerva presents her handicraft to be subjected to masculine criticism; for, in general, women are contented with the praise and approbation of their own sex, in their respective departments of sewing, stitching, hemming, darning, felling, *herring-boning*, &c. &c. &c.; and if they now and then submit their work to the inspection of a male, it is to be considered as a very great favour. But, in the present case, we have a collection of about sixty pictures, not paintings, but all the production of the needle!! Woman is certainly capable of extraordinary efforts—when she chuses to exert herself; but the system of education which prevails among most classes of society, tends so much to degrade her faculties, that it becomes at last an absolute exertion to make use of those talents which fashion or folly have bound down with their infrangible chains. A woman never could write an *Iliad*, and they may say as they please, but I am sure a woman could never have written the *Scottish* novels; they may be able to read, and even to write, in Latin, Greek, aye, and Hebrew to boot,—but I am now speaking of modern times,—they can never, or rarely, excel in any of them. Women are, now-a-days, bred up with the idea, that it is not only unnecessary for them to exercise their abilities, but that it would be gross and masculine; a lady who understands a little mathematics, and has a slight smattering of languages, is set down for a blue-stocking; she is envied by her own sex, and ridiculed by our's. But I am strangely digressing. I was for some time at a loss whether I could with propriety class this exhibition among the fine arts. The art of tapestry has now grown into disuse, though it formerly constituted an elegant ornament in the houses of the rich; that it was in great repute among the ancients, we learn from several authors. Theocritus, in particular, (*Adoniazousæ*, v. 80.) has described the wonderful effect of it.—Gremio in 'the Taming of the Shrew,' mentions, among other indications of his wealth, 'his hangings all of *Tyrian*

tapestry;' but I doubt whether the tapestry of Theocritus, or the hangings of the Paduan nobleman, could excel, or even equal Miss Linwood's pictures. The rooms in which these pictures are exhibited—I beg pardon for tautology, but I have no opportunity of varying the expression—are fitted up in a tasty and elegant style, and, on first entering the gallery, it is with difficulty that we believe we are inspecting *worsted* pictures, so great is the semblance to the richest tints of oil-colours. With the exception of Angelica Kauffman, and, I think the daughters of Murillo, there are no female painters of any very great celebrity; but if the art of picture-working were encouraged, the needle would become a powerful rival to the pencil.

The greatest part of the pictures are copies from the moderns; but we have here and there an old master, who looks very grand, dignified, and *pictorial*. It is absolutely wonderful, when we recollect that the exquisite harmony of coloring, the light and shade, and, indeed, all the principal beauties of oil-painting are thus embodied by the hand of a female with the ordinary materials of her work-bag.—No 11, 'Head of St. Peter,' from Guido, is exquisitely true; and so is the 'Head of Lear,' by Reynolds, (No. 49.) The 'Laughing and Sleeping Girls,' (Nos. 19 and 20,) from the same artist, are quite delightful. 'David with his Sling,' No. 23, is a Carlo Dolce; the figure itself is not a great favourite with me; in the first place, the costume is quite out of character, and, though the face is expressive of confidence, it is not the humble confidence in a superior Being with which we may suppose the son of Jesse to have approached Goliath; the workmanship, however, of this copy is deserving the highest meed of praise. No. 2, 'Jephtha's Rash Vow,' Opie; this is a fine historical picture, and the original has lost nothing by being transferred from canvas to *worsted*; it is one of Opie's best paintings, and it is one of Miss Linwood's happiest efforts. The head of the old man is uncommonly fine, but I think he seems to meditate the murder of his child with too butcher-like a complacency; the painter of old disguised the father's face, Mr. Opie has shewn it, but not sufficiently agitated,—who could?—'The Sunset,' No. 1, from Coyens, is lovely; the evening glow is really equal to any thing I ever saw of the kind. 'Oysters,' No. 6, Moses Haughton, is very clever indeed. 'The Farmer's



Stable,' Morland, is so like the spirit of the original, that it exceeds the best copies in colours of any of Morland's works. 'No. 12, 'Grapes,' Jackson, is astonishing! 'Westall's Gleaner,' (14) is a most beautiful production; the feet seem a little too red to harmonize well with the rest of the flesh, but it is a very trifling fault. Nos. 18 and 27, two landscapes, are placed a great deal too high to distinguish either beauties or faults. No. 40, 'A Horse,' is a *chef-d'œuvre*; the sleekness of the animal's coat is most exquisitely finished; this picture is quite a gem. 'Lodona,' No. 33, is divinely executed; the figure of a girl, who, 'melting as in tears she lay,'

'In a soft silver stream dissolved away,'

does not perhaps convey any very beautiful image to the reader's mind; let him see this picture, and he will change his opinion. A 'Portrait from Hopper' is another admirable piece of *needle-work*. There are two or three of Gainsborough's and Ruysdale's pictures, which it is a shame to pass over; but if I were to mention every picture that has merit, I should have to go through the whole catalogue.

On the left hand, at the further end of the gallery, is a sort of Gothic room, where you peep through different apertures, and witness scenes of quite a different description. To the right is the exterior of a prison, from one of the windows of which you perceive the portrait of Buonaparte. I am told that this is decidedly made of the same materials as the others, or I would not have believed that it was not painted. To the left there is a magnificent picture of Hubert and Arthur, with the figures as large. A little further on is a picture of the unfortunate Jane Grey; she is represented as on the evening before her execution, being assailed by the priests of the Romish church to die in obedience to its doctrines: the effect of this picture is quite magical. I must pass by the rest of these subjects in the Gothic, merely mentioning the dog which lies on the floor, in No. 55; it is the most real thing of the kind I ever saw. There are four pictures in a room by themselves, which I will not at present attempt to describe, as my time and space will not allow to be diffuse upon them,—and I cannot do them the injustice of slurring them over. On the whole, if this exhibition be not exactly suited to draw forth the critical *acumen* of the *connoisseur*, it is most perfectly calculated to give great pleasure to every lover of the fine arts.

T. J. A.

An extraordinary picture, painted by Rembrandt, has been recently discovered, and the progress of the discovery is curious.—The president of the Royal Academy saw this picture, by chance, with a great mass of rubbish and inferior productions, which were preparing for sale by auction. Sir Thomas Lawrence's taste was immediately struck with the merits of this picture, even in its dirty and mutilated condition; he attended the sale, and the hammer was on the point of ratifying Sir Thomas as the purchaser, for four guineas, when a lynx-eyed dealer suddenly contended for the prize, and was the eventual purchaser, for two hundred guineas. He took home the picture, had it cleaned and newly mounted, and in the first instance offered it for sale to his tasteful competitor, whose property it now is, for seven hundred guineas. The picture is said to be the finest ever painted by Rembrandt, and worth seven thousand pounds. The subject relates to Joseph and Potiphar's Wife.

### The Drama

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

COVENT GARDEN.—The performances at this theatre during the week have generally been judiciously selected, and, considering that they are pieces in which we miss several favourite performers—have been well acted. Even *Guy Mannering*, in which the syren-like strains of Miss Stephens delighted every hearer, and Liston's Dominie Sampson set the audience in a roar, while Emery gave such a reality to the hero of Charlie's Hope, was well played on Wednesday night. Of the blanks left by the secession of the two former and the death of the latter, the part of Lucy Bertram was best filled up by Miss M. Tree, who was loudly applauded in her songs, which were executed with good taste. Mr. W. Farren's Dominie Sampson would have been considered a good performance if Liston had not preceded him, and made the character his own. Mr. Evans appeared in Dandie Dinmont, and played it respectably. Mr. Pearman, from the English Opera House, made his first appearance on these boards as Henry Bertram, a character that we have seen successively in the hands of Braham, Sinclair, Durset, Pyne, and a few less successful vocalists. We do not think Mr. Pearman's choice for his *debut* very fortunate, and still less his placing himself so immediately in contact with Bra-

ham, in one of his most splendid efforts—'Bruce's Address to his Army.' Mr. Pearman, however, proved, by the result, that his confidence in his powers was not entirely misplaced. In the song 'I'll love thee night and day, love,' which was loudly *encored*, he reminded us of our favourite in the sweetness and delicacy of execution, if not in the force of his voice. He also introduced the beautiful melody of 'Wreath the bowl,' in which he sung in a very *pleasing* manner, if we may judge by the eagerness with which it was *encored*.

On Tuesday, the comedy of *The Jealous Wife* was performed, for the purpose of introducing Miss Chester, from the York Theatre, in the character of Mrs. Oakley. This lady is not unknown to a London audience, having made a favourable impression at Drury Lane Theatre last season. To a fine person, good countenance, and excellent voice, Miss Chester adds correct taste and discrimination, and, with such advantages, her personation of the jealous wife could not fail. On the contrary, it was successful, and was marked by many excellencies. In the expression of those doubts and fears which distract the jealous mind, she was excellent; but in the scene where, from the closet, she witnesses the interview and overhears the conversation between Miss Russet and Mr. Oakley, she was particularly happy, and her reception, on the whole, was extremely favourable. Mr. Charles Kemble's Oakley was a finished piece of acting, and the other characters were well sustained.

On Thursday, Otway's tragedy of *Venice Preserved* was performed; when Miss Lacy (a grand-daughter of Mr. Lacy, once patentee of Drury Lane Theatre,) made her first appearance on the London boards, in the character of Belvidera. Miss Lacy's figure is tall and commanding, her features small, but capable of much variety of expression. Her voice, which is sweetly plaintive, well accords with that tenderness of expression and of soul which Belvidera possesses; and it was in those scenes that she best succeeded. On her complaining to Jaffier, in the scene where he demands,—'Would Portia have betrayed her Brutus?' she mixed such love and tenderness with her reproaches, as might have unmanned a firmer heart than that of the whining Jaffier. In the last scene she was admirable; and her debut must be considered as very successful, and her



accession to the tragic company at this theatre as a great acquisition.

**ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.**—This favourite little theatre closed a successful season on Saturday last. Furnished with an excellent company, notwithstanding the death of poor Emery at the commencement of the season, the manager has been enabled to perform a succession of the best operas, and to produce novelties with effect. Several new pieces have been brought forward, and we believe that they have all been successful. It was formerly a great injury to this house, that it had too short a season, and that the winter theatres kept so long open as to prevent the proprietor from obtaining either suitable performers or making those extensive arrangements which were necessary to give him a fair chance. We were, however, happy to see this evil remedied by the present Lord Chamberlain, and the change has been to the advantage of the treasury.

At the termination of the performances on Saturday night, Mr. Bartley stepped forward and delivered the following valedictory address:—

‘Ladies and Gentlemen,—As the opening of a theatrical season brings with it hope, so the close as naturally produces regret. We met you only three months ago with buoyant spirits, and we now take our leaves with unaffected sorrow. For the first time since this theatre was erected, we have had a fair though limited chance of attracting your notice, by the closing of the patent theatres for thirteen weeks. We have thus been relieved from the oppressive burthen of the extended seasons of what, of late years, were absurdly called “the winter theatres:” for this regulation, we, in common with the Haymarket Theatre, have been indebted to the liberal and upright interference of the present Lord Chamberlain, who has condescended to take so enlarged a view of the subject of public amusements (making the public accommodation his first object), as compels us thus gratefully to acknowledge the weighty obligation his interposition has conferred also upon us. The proprietor, ladies and gentlemen, proudly feels that the exertions which have been used to excite your notice and merit your countenance, have, during the short period this theatre has been open, been crowned with as much success as the season of the year, and the remarkable heat of a large portion of a remarkably fine summer could allow him to hope for. The novelties produced have been uniformly successful, and many of them greatly attractive; and it is with feelings of heartfelt acknowledgments and sincere regret, that I am now compelled—in his name, in my own, and in that of all the performers—to offer you our respectful good wishes, and I bid you farewell.’

**ADELPHI THEATRE.**—Solomon says, there is unto every thing a season; and had he lived to the present day, he, perhaps, would have made an exception even to *Tom and Jerry*; but we are sure he would have not censured giving to it *two seasons*, as the managers of this theatre seem determined to do. We are among those who do not wish to circumscribe very narrowly or to dictate public amusements, but we certainly think it high time the senseless *Tom and Jerry* mania should cease. The thing might be tolerated even for a long season, though, to approve of such, shows great complacency or bad taste; and now that it is sought to perpetuate the coarse exhibition of every thing unamiable in London, it cannot be too severely reprobated. We blame not the proprietors of this theatre, with whom the chief object must be to make money, and certainly we do believe that they could not have produced any thing so attractive; we must, however, lament the taste of the town that will crowd to the Adelphi to see Pierce Egan’s silly book converted into a burletta, while there is room in a winter theatre to witness the best productions of our dramatists.

**SURREY THEATRE.**—This house opened on Monday, with an equestrian spectacle; the horses were the principal novelty,—we had almost said the best performers. The scenery was good.

### Literature and Science.

**Arctic Expedition.**—Some of the London and provincial newspapers have expressed great uneasiness that no recent account has arrived from Capt. Parry’s expedition, but the fact is, that the discovery ships are out of the track of the whalers or of any ship with which they could communicate. As the ships are provisioned for three years, it is probable that Capt. Parry will winter in the Arctic Sea, and that our first account from him may be through some of the Hudson’s Bay or North-West Company’s establishments in the interior.

The land expedition under Lieutenant Franklin, according to the latest accounts, was on its return to Hudson’s Bay.

The expedition advanced as near to the Copper Mine River in the following year as the approaching winter would permit; and in the spring of the last year, having embarked the canoes, which they had carried over land, they descended that river until it discharges

itself into the Hyperborean, or Frozen Ocean. The expedition then proceeded in the execution of its ulterior object, namely, to explore the coast of the Polar Sea from the mouth of the Copper Mine River round to Hudson’s Bay. This, however, it would appear from the information we have been able to collect, it could not farther effect than by surveying a few hundred miles of the coast to the northward and eastward, the winter having set in towards the latter end of August with such severity as to oblige the party to return. It does not appear, from the arrangement which was made, that landmarks should be placed by either Captain Parry or Lieutenant Franklin, as they should first arrive at certain points as they proceeded, that the former had reached so far as the party of the latter. Several deaths had occurred; among whom were, Mr. Wood, nine Canadians, and one Esquimaux.

It is stated, from observations made in this expedition, that the mouth of the Copper Mine River differs by several degrees of latitude from that laid down by Hearn.

**An Intrepid Aeronaut.**—A Paris Paper says—‘A young aeronaut, of the name of Fassy, lately made an ascension at Marseilles, which was very near proving fatal to him. At five o’clock in the evening the balloon rose in the presence of numerous spectators; the hasty disappearance of the object of their attention soon spread general alarm, when they again perceived the balloon, and discovered that it had lost its spherical form, and was falling with terrific rapidity. The most dreadful apprehensions were now formed, and every one crowded to the spot where Mr. Fassy intended to have descended. Soon they learnt that he had come down in perfect safety near the hamlet of St. Charles. The cause of the rapid fall, which had so justly alarmed the spectators, was as follows:—M. Fassy having arrived at a great height, encountered contrary winds, which forced his balloon in every direction. He then thought of descending, and, to accomplish, this he pulled the silken string of the valve; but the latter being placed on the lower side of the machine, was so tightened within the folds, which were gummed, that it could not leave open to the gas a free passage. The aeronaut saw himself reduced to pass the night in the air, or to burst his balloon; this last course seemed to him dangerous, and he adopted one which might have pre-



precipitated him 6000 feet. Standing upright in his vacillating bark, he drew towards him the valve by grappling with the balloon. He then broke it with an admirable presence of mind; but the gas evaporating too speedily, he came down with rapidity. M. Fassy, however, as an able navigator, had reserved his ballast for this decisive moment. On the point of being precipitated to the earth, he threw out his bags, and his anchor, and the machine suddenly lightened, slackened its fall, and left the aeronaut the means of descending in as good state as he had started.

**Ascertaining the Longitude.**—An ingenious instrument has been invented by Mr. Harley, of the Chain Pier at Trinity, for ascertaining the longitude. It has been submitted, we understand, to six naval officers, who concur in opinion that it will completely answer its intended purpose on land, or at sea in calm weather: but they are decided in opinion of the impracticability of using it at sea in stormy weather, owing to the violent motion to which it will be subjected: this objection, however, if it cannot be obviated, must apply to all other instruments of a similar description. Mr. Harley has taken his instrument to London, to be there inspected. The reward offered for the discovery of a complete instrument for ascertaining the longitude is, we believe, 20,000l.—*Edinburgh Courant*.

**How to distinguish OXALIC ACID** (which is a poison) from EPSOM SALTS.—There is a very simple way of satisfying one's self that the dose about to be taken is not oxalic acid. Taste one drop of it, or else a particle of the suspected crystals, and if it be oxalic acid, it will be found extremely sour, like most other acids. The taste of Epsom salt is quite different.

### The Bee.

The following is a specimen of the vintners' art of puffing in Paris:—*'A la grace de Dieu—Commerce de vins—Cidre et eau de vie!'* ('In the name of the prophet, figs' was nothing to this.) Then we have over the door of a low cabaret, near the church of St. Geneviève—*'Cave du St. Esprit'*—(The tap-room of the Holy Ghost!)

**An Echo.**—The celebrated Carden relates the following ludicrous circumstance as having occurred to a friend:—*'A friend of mine having set out on a journey, had a river to cross, and,*

*not knowing the ford, he cried out—Oh!—to which the echo answered, Oh!—he imagining it to be a man, called out in Italian, onde devor passar' (where can I pass); it answered passa, (pass); and when he asked qui? (where), it replied qui (here);—but, as the water formed a deep whirlpool there, and made a great noise, he was terrified and again asked, devo passa qui? (should I pass here): the echo returned passa qui? (pass here). He repeated the same question often, and still had the same reply; terrified with the fear of being obliged to swim, in case he attempted to pass, and it being a dark and tempestuous night, he concluded that his respondent was some evil spirit that wanted to entice him into the torrent.'* He therefore returned, and, on relating his story to Carden, was convinced by him that it was no demon, but only the sport of nature.

**The Importance of Doing Quickly.**—The benevolent Dr. Wilson once discovered a clergyman at Bath, who he was informed was sick, poor, and had a numerous family. In the evening he gave a friend fifty pounds, requesting he would deliver it in the most delicate manner, and as from an unknown person. The friend replied, 'I will wait upon him early in the morning.' 'You will oblige me by calling directly. Think, sir, of what importance a good night's rest may be to that poor man.'

### TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'Parliamentary Antiquities,' No. I., the 'Liber-tine,' and 'Thalia,' in our next.

Rumfit does not suit us; and we can assure him that we are not in the habit of indulging in scandal.

V. has been received.

The favours of several of our correspondents are under consideration, and we shall be able to give every one an answer in our next.

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